# Come As You Are by beratings

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**Summary:**

Billy Hargrove, teachers assistant at USC, finds his student, Jane Green, to be particularly interesting. She tends to fall asleep in class, not really turn in homework, and by the middle of the semester, is too far gone from the class to be bothered.

# 1. Better Man

**Author's Note:**

> This is an AU where Billy was never racist or abusive, there is going to be abuse, but this is my attempt at writing an actual story instead of just smut all the time. I hope you guys enjoy!

It was the first day of the semester. Billy's eyes roamed the room, it was his 3rd semester as a teachers assistant, and he finally had the confidence he needed to participate in lectures and grade papers like a TA is supposed to. He watched the students filing in as the clock ticked nearer to their time to start. One girl stood out to him as she walked through the doors. She had a ratted up Metallica T-shirt on, that was more holes than fabric, dark wash denim, rolled at the ankle, and converse. Her hair was in a messy bun on the top of her head, she looked either hungover or as if she hadn't slept in days, her tiny amount of makeup was smeared a bit under her eyes, probably from the night before. She had a subtle beauty to her, not particularly model gorgeous, but still pretty in a way, even if she looked like a mess. She trudged to the back of the class and plopped down in the back corner, directly in front of Billy, but desks away.

Jane let out a yawn, leaning her head against the wall and dosing off for a moment before the professor slammed a book on the table.

"Welcome to Psychology 310, human emotion and development, I'm Dr. Roland," The professor was tall, she wore a long skirt and glasses, and her voice sounded like nails on a chalkboard, but somehow more boring. "I have several copies of the syllabus, we'll be going over that today. But first I want to take roll."

She droned through the entire list, Jane left her head leaning against the wall barely paying attention to what was happening.

"Jane Green."

She lazily raised her arm, fighting the urge to yawn for the third time in 2 minutes.

Dr. Roland went through the rest of the class list and Jane sighed. This was the worst part of the semester, the professor was always ready for anything you through at them, no one else in the class was exhausted, and Jane knew she couldn't be bothered to try and get an A.

"Now, for the syllabus. I have a teachers assistant," She gestured to the body sitting behind the desk, Jane hasn't even noticed he was there. He had bright blue eyes and curls, the sides of his hair cut somewhat short, he locked eyes with Jane, was he staring at her? "His name is Billy he'll be available during my office hours to assist with any homework and answer any questions. He's also in charge of grading your papers."

Jane broke the uncomfortable eye contact with Billy again, choosing to pull the seat next to her closer and lean against the wall with her feet up. This class was 3 hours long, and she had been up all night fighting with her on again off again boyfriend.

Dr. Roland droned about the grading structure which was identical to every other class Jane had taken. She spent time going over the book choices and how the class would go along during the rest of the semester. It would be lecture only, and Jane silently thought to herself "Score, naptime!" Before the first lecture began. She dozed, leaning her head down on the table, feet still propped up on the chair next to her. It was awkward and a little uncomfortable but that would keep her from falling too deeply asleep.

It felt like half an hour before Dr. Roland finally said: "Alright, the class is dismissed." And Jane sat up, she rubbed her eyes and gathered her untouched notebook, shoving herself from the desk. She glanced over at Billy, he was still looking at her and it made her almost queazy knowing he had basically watched her nap for the class period.

Trevor was waiting for her outside the door, glaring. They hadn't really made up yet, and he was itching to get his hands on her again, and not in a sexy way. Trevor was tall, dark hair and deep brown eyes, filled with rage. As soon as Jane got to the door Trevor was on her, gripping her arm with force.

"Why the fuck would you leave me hanging like that?" He asked, almost too loudly. People were watching them now, one person, in particular, Jane noticed, Billy's blue eyes were confused and almost defensive.

"What the fuck, Trevor?" Jane said, rubbing a hand down her face. They were near the doors still and he was gripping her arm too hard for her to turn away and start walking. "I didn't leave you hanging, it's called college, I had class."

Trevor huffed. "So fucking skip when we're arguing, have you not been present for this entire relationship? You don't walk away from me, remember?"

Jane felt a twinge in her stomach where he punched her to teach her that lesson three months ago.

"Let my arm go, Trevor, we're in fucking public," Jane muttered, noticing Billy at the doorway, now.

"Is there a problem?" Billy asked, he chest was puffed out and he looked as though he was ready to pick a fight with Trevor.

"Who the fuck are you, pretty boy?" Trevor asked it was enough distraction for Jane to rip her arm away.

"No, there's no problem," She looked at Billy with eyes wide trying to get her point across. Trevor was inching closer, fists already balled tight. "Trevor let's go finish this fucking argument so I can actually sleep for a few hours today."

She turned only to feel Trevor gripping her arm again, this time much harder. Jane looked back to see Billy glaring at Trevor's hand, right before Trevor started dragging her down the hallway.

They got to Trevor's car and he jerked her to the passenger side, essentially shoving her in.

"Jesus, Trevor," Jane muttered leaning her head back. She was always one to fight back, and never expected herself to be stuck in an abusive relationship with a prick who she thought was an incredible man before all of this start.

"Shut the fuck up, Jane, just let me think for a minute," Trevor shouted back as he got into the driver's seat.

They drove in silence back to Jane's apartment. Trevor had been staying with her, which made her life much harder than he needed to be.

They fought for most of the night, only settling to eat food before the arguments started again.

## 2. Fade to Black

**Summary for the Chapter:**

> Jane shows up to class two days later with bruises, Billy is concerned for her wellbeing.
>
> TW: ABUSE!

Jane sat on the edge of the bed, hearing Trevor scream in her face was something she had trained herself to tune out and not react to. Trevor was pacing in front of her, every so often leaning in to call her names.

"I wouldn't put it fucking past a slut like you," He was shouting, Jane's neighbor's TV was turned up so loud they could hear it through the walls. He turned to her again and grabbed her by the shoulders, causing her to flinch. "Oh, now you're scared, huh?"

Jane stayed still, allowing what was about to happen, she didn't respond. She had screamed herself out, her throat was rough and she was tired of defending herself from her boyfriend's inherent jealous ways.

His grip on her arms tightened and she winced.

"FUCKING. SAY. SOMETHING." He yelled, spit flying and hitting her square in the face. She stayed silent.

He squeezed harder, impossibly harder, she whimpered and fought the tears pooling in her eyes. Before she could register what was happening, his right hand was off her, balled into a fist, and hitting her on the left side of her face. Seering pain blacked out her vision.

"No more of this hiding your shame shit, I'm gonna let the fucking world see what a piece of garbage you are, Jane." With that, he slapped her other cheek and threw her on the ground before stomping out of her apartment.

Jane laid on her floor for a few moments, wondering if it was worth putting the deadbolt and chain lock on her door to make sure Trevor

couldn't get back in. Ultimately, she pushed herself up feeling a wetness in her mouth and a headache forming in her left eye, trudged to the door and chained it before crawling into her bed alone and falling asleep.

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Her alarm startled her awake, she was shocked that somehow through her stupor last night she remembered to turn it on. She pushed herself out of bed and walked to the bathroom, her face felt sore and her mouth tasted like iron, she looked into her bathroom mirror to assess the damage.

The left side of her face was nearly black, a halo of blue forming around the bruise that circled her eye and extended past her cheekbone. Her right lip was cut and dried blood was smeared on her face. Truthfully? She had worse bruises that had healed, but Trevor had never made her bleed before. She turned to the shower, turning it on as hot as it could go, undressed and stepped in after it was at the perfect temperature. She was embarrassed, she didn't want to cry, she hated crying, but she broke down in the shower, considering skipping her class to avoid seeing the TA who had witnessed a portion of what had transpired two days ago.

She brushed her teeth to get the taste of blood out of it, reminded herself that she's paying for these classes and the sole reason her parents wouldn't help her was that they thought she would quit or get kicked out. She took in a deep breath, deciding she'd wear this bruise with honor, it wasn't as if she had any friends to console or ask questions, partly because they all left her hanging when Trevor started this shit.

She pulled on her dark wash denim, favorite pair, and a Nirvana shirt that was less ratted than the Metallica one she had worn to the previous class, but still tattered.

The journey to class was long and painful, her arms were bruised in the shape of hands, but she wasn't really concerned with that. She was more concerned with the looks she was receiving and started second-guessing her choice to not wear sunglasses or try to put makeup on. Too late now.

She got to her classroom and took a shaky breath, shoving the door and walking in. Billy was already at the desk up front, watching the door, and she saw his face turn from confusion, shock, horror, and anger, all in about 3 or 4 seconds. She ignored him, stepping up the gentle steps to the back of the classroom and throwing her things down on the chair next to her. She leaned her head back on the wall and closed her eyes.

Billy sat in shock at the front of the room. He knew the kid he saw with Jane yesterday was an asshole, but he had no idea how big of an asshole he really was. He studied Jane, eyes closed, head tilted back and resting. The bruises on her arms were deep, but they weren't as bad as the one on her face, and he could see a fourth bruise forming on her lip where a gash sat mocking him. The class was about to start in 10 minutes, he was surprised this girl was as early as she was, but he pushed himself from the desk, deciding to be bold. It was his duty as a TA to make sure the students were doing alright.

He walked to the back of the classroom, sitting in the chair in front of Jane. She stirred, but figured it was a student coming in to class, she didn't open her eyes.

"Jane, right?" He asked.

Her eyes shot open, jumping at the sound of Billy's voice.

"Yeah," She responded before tilting her head back against the wall and closing her eyes again.

"Everything alright?" He asked, trying to keep the conversation light.

"Just peachy," She said, trying to convey the right amount of annoyance.

"I'd like for you to come see me after class," He stated. It wasn't a question, she looked up at the ceiling and rolled her eyes.

"Why is that? It's only the second class period, I haven't done anything wrong." She stated, suddenly defensive and forgetting about the fact that she just showed up to class with her face beaten to shit and visible bruises on her body.

"I'm setting up a study, I need students," he lied, blatantly, and she knew he was lying, "I'd like for you to be involved."

She bit her lip and winced at the pain of putting pressure on the cut. Billy desperately wanted to tend to her wounds, but instead, nodded to confirm their appointment.

She nodded back reluctantly and he turned away. Dr. Roland walked into the classroom glaring at Billy as he walked back down. "Sorry." He muttered before taking his seat behind the desk once more.

Dr. Roland droned and droned, and Billy wondered if anyone was even really paying attention. He glanced up to see how Jane was doing, her head was propped on her bookbag as she slept. He shook his head and grinned. That would be a problem eventually.

Class ended with Dr. Roland berating a student for not addressing her by her title. The classroom emptied and Jane walked up to the desk, glancing at the door to see Trevor's face, an apologetic smile plastered on it.

"Should I follow you to your office or whatever?" Jane asked Billy.

He responded with a chuckle. "I'm a TA, I don't have an office. But you can follow me to the TA Lounge."

Jane glanced back up to the door, seeing Trevors face drop to pure anger.

"Alright." She responded, a wave of paranoia and anxiety washed over her and her hands began to shake. Billy was not unaware of the looming presence behind the door.

"Hey, don't worry." His voice was reassuring, but Jane felt the pit in her stomach get heavier and suddenly wanted to vomit.

They walked toward the door and it felt like centuries of eye contact.

"What do you think you're doing with my girl, pretty boy?" Trevor's chest was puffed out.

"I'm not sure what you mean-" Billy started.

"We have to do a psych study, professors orders. I need to pass this class, Trev." Jane interrupted. Trevor tensed up as he saw up close the damage he'd done. She shook her head, almost pleading before saying something she would later regret. "You owe me."

Trevor's jaw clenched hard, he stepped back and nodded, but Jane could tell the conversation wouldn't be over anytime soon.

Billy and Jane began walking in the opposite direction of Trevor.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck." She was muttering under her breath the whole time. "Is this going to take very long?"

Billy could feel the apprehension radiating from her. "Calm down, Jane." He said as he glanced down to see her hands shaking, her eyes darted around the hallways.

The lounge was empty, it usually was around this time, everyone either out eating lunch with their friends or stuck in a lecture or home grading their papers in the peace and quiet. He lead Jane to his desk at the far end of the room, gesturing for her to sit. Jane took a moment to analyze his outfit. He was wearing light wash denim, a button up white shirt, sleeves were rolled a quarter of the way up his arms. She noticed his arms were the perfect size compared to the rest of him, he was tan, she could see through his shirt slightly and felt herself get even more anxious. Why was she checking him out?

"Listen, I know abusive relationships can be difficult to get out of-" He started.

"I'm not in an abusive relationship," Jane stated, feeling defensive, before remembering that he could definitely see the proof written on my face.

He looked at her almost in amusement. "Jane, you realize I can see your face and it looks like you got into a bad brawl at a bar." He shook his head looking down at his desk. "If I hadn't seen that asshole grabbing your arm the way he did yesterday I would have thought that's what it was."

"Billy, right?" Jane asked, suddenly feeling stupid.

He nodded.

"Billy. I've been with this dude for... Let's see... Almost a year now. He taunted all of my friends away right after he started beating the shit out of me," Jane shuddered, she couldn't believe what was coming out of her mouth. "Last night he looked me in the eye and told me he didn't want me to hide my shame anymore." She stopped for a moment flinching at the sound of his voice echoing in her head. "He knows where I live, he's got a key to my apartment, he knows my schedule like the back of his hand, and he's always around. And when he's not around I'm usually on the floor trying to will the pain to stop." She was studying Billy's shoes, choosing to glance up. His sculpted jawline was clenched, as were his fists, and her heart rate automatically quickened.

Billy watched as she nervously glanced at his hands and relaxed, leaning forward and watching her jump backward in her chair.

"Relax," He said, shaking his head. "I just want to help you."

That was the first time she had heard anyone say those words together in a sentence. She shook her head as tears started to form in her eyes again.

God dammit, would she ever be able to stop crying about this shit?

"You can try and help all you want," Jane started. "But he's not going to stop. Do you think I haven't tried leaving?"

With that, she pushed herself up from the chair.

"I have a guest bedroom," Before Billy had time to think about anything he was saying he spit it out. "I'll give you a ride out to your apartment, you can get some of your things and you can stay in my guest bedroom until he settles down."

Jane shook her head.

"You really think he isn't going to know where I am?" She laughed, before wincing in pain again as the scab on her lip pulled and put pressure on the bruise. She shook her head, running her hand down her arm where the fresh bruises laid. After a moment of

consideration, she nodded. "Fine." She concluded that she had already been beaten up enough times that the worst that could happen is another fist coming at her face.

Billy shot up from his chair and lead her out the exit toward the TA parking lot. He drove a 79 Blue Camaro, Jane wasn't shocked. He opened the passenger side door for her and then walked around to his side, sliding in and starting the car. She gave him directions to her apartment and before he parked, she scanned the parking lot for Trevor's car. He wasn't here, she breathed a sigh of relief.

"Do you want me to come up with you?" Billy asked.

She shook her head and pushed herself out, nearly running up the stairs toward her level. She burst through the door grabbing a couple of bags and shoving clothes, her CDs, her journal, toothbrush, toothpaste, shampoo, conditioner, anything and everything she may need. She heard the familiar rumble of Trevor's old Focus, she had gauged that he was about a quarter of a mile up the road. His car was loud, several things falling off the hinges of the undercarriage. She ran down the stairs after locking the door to her apartment, she shoved her stuff into Billy's backseat.

"Go, now. That's him." Was all she stated before Billy was peeling out of his parking spot and going the opposite way of the entrance. He drove around a few of the complexes before making his way back up to the exit. Before Jane knew it, her phone was blowing up with text messages.

*Where is all of your stuff?*

*Where the fuck are you, Jane?*

*Are you still with that fuckboy?*

*JANE.*

*IF YOU DON'T ANSWER ME I WILL FIND YOU.*

With that, she turned her phone off, fighting the urge to cry again.

**Notes for the Chapter:**

Can someone tell me if this was TOO DRAMATIC? Like, honestly? I have a tendency to go overboard with these types of storylines.

## 3. Disarm

**Summary for the Chapter:**

> Jane sees Billys apartment for the first time, not what she expected.
>
> fluff and flirting

Jane sat quietly in the passenger's seat. If Billy saw her turn her phone off, he was doing a good job of pretending he hadn't. He tried to make conversation with the only thing they had in common.

"So, Psychology?" He started.

"Yeah," She responded, not in the talkative mood.

Billy got the hint and shut up immediately after Jane gave him nothing to go forward with. She felt guilty, he was helping her and she was being a bitch.

"My dad's an alcoholic, mom has a manic disorder that makes her... Well, you study Psychology, you know what it makes her do," She looked over at him. "I wanted to go to college so I could maybe help my mom through it since my dad is useless, but I can't really keep up with it all. Probably the upbringing."

She stopped herself from going further, Billy's aura was inviting, caring, and nurturing. She wanted to tell him more, but kept it to herself, fearing he would think she was crazy.

Billy glanced over at her.

"My mom split on me and my dad when I was 7. My dad had me growing up believing she died of cancer, just couldn't handle his abuse anymore. He remarried, I got a little annoying sister out of it and had to move away from California to graduate high school. I couldn't stick around after that," His hand gripped the wheel tightly. "I used to find anyone I could take my anger out on then come home and get the shit beat out of me for it. Which is why when I saw you today I felt like I needed to help you. My life has turned around since

I left my abusive household."

The sentence hung in the air. Jane knew she was being abused, from the first time Trevors boot hit her spine, she knew. But she never wanted to admit it.

"I'm sorry, Billy," He looked at her and shrugged, a twinkle in his eye.

"It's alright, Jane."

Jane could sense there was an underlying different person under the one he was portraying right now.

"So, why are you acting like this?" She asked, realizing how it sent. "I mean, wow, that came out entirely wrong. I just mean, I can tell you're not... this goody-two-shoes type of guy."

"Ah," Billy cut himself off. "I used to get myself in a lot of trouble, my first semester as a TA I almost lost everything because I let my instincts take over. I got another chance."

Jane nodded, still not understanding what this guy was really about. They pulled up to a historic district, an old brick building with commercial units below stood before Jane. Billy parked in the back parking lot and reached behind him to grab the bags in his back seat, he stopped Jane when she reached back too.

"I got it," Billy said with a smile and a wink. Jane got out of the car after an awkward laugh.

Billy lead the way up a rickety old staircase to the deadbolt door, swinging it open. The hallway was long with only 2 doors, his door was on the left. Jane felt a wave of anxiety wash over her again as he opened the door. His apartment was massive, open layout, wood floors, tall ceilings. There were built in cabinets across the room which held a plethora of books, the couch was newish, he had a very minimalist vibe.

"Let me show you to the guest room. I only have one bathroom, so that might get a little annoying for us while you stay here, but we can carpool to school." He was babbling, trying to fill the silence,

feeling like he should be doing something more. He felt her presence behind him as he got to the guest bedroom, he opened the door and set her bags on the white comforter of the big queen sized bed. "My step sister comes to stay with me sometimes, so it's tailored to her style."

Jane looked up at the walls to see posters of some of her favorite bands, a skateboard littered with stickers leaning against the wall, an old record player, records upon records. It reminded her of her own bedroom at her apartment.

"Sick, she likes Pearl Jam?" Jane was enthralled, walking immediately to the record player, flipping the record of Pearl Jam's greatest hits entitled Rearviewmirror over and picking a spot right around the middle of the album. Better Man started playing loudly. "Incredible," Jane muttered to herself, letting herself get lost in the guitar and Eddie Vedder's voice.

"I'm glad you like it," He said sheepishly.

"Yeah, man, this feels like home almost. Looks almost exactly like my bedroom too. I'd probably get along with your little sister."

"Step," He corrected, running a hand through his hair. She nodded a little taken aback. "Sorry, I'll let you get comfortable."

"Hey, wait," Jane shuffled slightly. "Thanks for this. I mean, really, thank you." She stopped, letting her eyes roam the floor. "I think I might take a nap."

"Didn't get enough sleep in class?" Billy berated lightly. She rolled her eyes back at him and grinned.

"Nah, TA kept staring at me," She retorted, watching as Billy's face turned pink.

"Door closed?" He asked.

"Can't sleep with it open." She responded, watching as he closed the door behind him. She collapsed on the bed, letting Pearl Jam lull her to sleep.

Trevor had his hand gripped around her throat, she was struggling to breathe, she felt his knee pressing on her chest and stared into his eyes as he yelled nonsense, she was unable to hear over the blood rushing to her ears. She tried to scream, feeling nothing come out and panicked. She kicked and tried to push him off, he let up slightly and she let out a blood-curdling scream, he was on her again and-

"Jane, Jane!" She was being shaken, she heard herself yelling

"No, no, no," She shot upright shoving the body next to her away.

"It's me, it's Billy, wake up!" Billy was still perched on the edge of the bed, terrified look in his eye. "Holy shit."

"Oh my god," Jane covered her face, she was crying. "Jesus, I'm so sorry." She ran a hand down her face, wincing at the pain it inflicted.

"I don't care, are you okay?" He asked.

She was still dazed from sleep, the record was making white noise in the background that somehow made her panic more.

"I don't know, I-" She started and stopped again, catching her breath, unable to stop the tears from spilling out. She hated crying. "God, he was on top of me and I couldn't get him off and I couldn't breathe."

Billy sighed, his terror turned to worry and sadness. "Hang on."

He left the room, Jane heard cabinets closing and soon he was back with a tall glass of water and two Tylenol.

"I don't want you to be alone," Billy stated. "I don't want to come off as too forward either."

Jane drank three huge gulps and looked at him. "Can you stay in here while I sleep?"

She glanced over at the armchair sitting in the corner. He nodded. She sunk back into the pillows, still struggling to catch her breath. He left the room quietly for a moment, she heard the old wooden floors creaking as he stepped back in, papers and books in his hands. She turned onto her side so she was facing him and closed her eyes, she

fell asleep the rustling of papers. she stayed somewhat conscious, afraid to tip off of the edge into a REM cycle that would result in another nightmare.

# 4. Collie Man

**Summary for the Chapter:**

Deep conversations, sexual tension, and SMUT!

Jane tossed and turned, trying to focus on Billy in the corner, flipping pages, but ultimately she couldn't sleep any longer. Her anxiety keeping her alert, her heart was still pounding in her chest.

"Billy?"

He looked up from the pages, she felt a comforting familiarity about him.

"Can't sleep?" He asked, a thoughtful and empathetic grin on his face. She nodded. "Hungry?" She nodded again. "I have pizza, I'll stick it in the oven. Do you wanna stay in here?"

She shook her head, pushing herself up. In the midst of her night terror, she had ripped her jeans off and shoved them to the end of the bed.

"Nah, I'll be out there in a second, just have to find pants." She laughed then winced remembering the cut on her mouth. "Fuck."

He pushed himself from the chair and walked down the hall. Jane got out of the bed and started rifling through her belongings, trying to find the sweats she could have swore she packed. She heard the creak at the doorway.

"Oh, shit. Sorry," Billy was turning away, his cheeks flushed. "I didn't realize you were... Fuck. Sorry."

"Have you never seen a girl in her panties before?" Jane asked with a laugh. Billy chuckled, keeping his eyes glued to the wall.

"I have, but-" He started. "Nevermind, do you want breadsticks too?"

Jane held back a laugh at Billy's sudden shyness. "Yeah, sure."

He turned to leave.

"Hey, wait," He turned back, meeting her eyes as she stood up. "Do you have sweatpants I can borrow? I swore I threw them in here, but I guess not."

He nodded and entered the room across the hall, she heard the squeal of the drawer opening and he tossed a pair of grey sweats over to her. She didn't hesitate to put them on.

"Thanks," She smiled, noticing the way he watched her put them on. She walked past him in the doorway, finding her way blindly to his living room. "Do you have any good movies we could watch?"

Billy looked uncomfortable almost like he'd seen a ghost. "Uhhhh, I may have a few, but I usually just stick to Netflix." He wouldn't meet her eyes.

"What's up, Billy? If we're gonna be cohabitating you're going to have to get used to seeing me in my underwear..." She shook her head, smiling and raising her eyebrows.

"It's not that, it's..." Billy's fist was clenched and a vein in his forehead was pulsing. He stepped closer, taking a seat on the chair closest to the couch Jane was sitting on. "You're fucking covered in bruises. Not fresh ones either. How long has this been happening?"

Jane took a shaky breath, she was now the one unable to make eye contact, she stared at the bookshelf.

"You kinda lose track of the time when you're thrown around so much." She looked back at him, he nodded.

"I know what you mean."

"I should check my phone," She paced back to the guest bedroom, grabbing her phone out of her bag and walking back. She turned it on cautiously before setting it on the arm of the couch face up. "You're helping me out with all of this, so if you wanna know more... You can ask."

"You told me he taunted all of your friends away... How?"

"When we first started dating the guy was nice, alright? He was a good guy, he didn't seem like he would end up this way. There were a few instances. The biggest one was the night he dragged me out of a party and nearly ran all of them over in the middle of the lawn while we were all drunk. He thought the shit was funny. They never spoke to me again after that."

Billy's nails were digging into his palms.

Jane, feeling uncomfortable and slightly nauseous reliving that night, pushed herself from the couch. "I gotta wash my face or something."

She trudged to the bathroom, staring at her bruised face in the mirror as she splashed cold water on herself.

Meanwhile, her phone buzzed several times. Billy glanced at it.

43 missed calls.

20 voicemails.

62 texts.

All from Trevor. The locked screen showed him a few of the messages.

*You'll never hear the end of this, Jane. You better hope to god you die in your sleep tonight before I see you tomorrow.*

*You really think you can run from me? You won't see the light of day again.*

*Tell that fuckboy he better be ready to fight if he wants to protect you so bad.*

Billy sighed. He didn't want to revert back to his old ways, but the anger inside of him was boiling. He could remember his dad's face, snarled and ugly, shoving him against the wall and telling him what garbage he was. He remembered the sting of his dad's hand slapping him, the pain of his steel boot driving into his stomach. Billy could hardly remember what his mom looked like, but he knew it was similar to the way Jane held herself. Timid, uncomfortable, bruised,

and scared. The timer for the oven went off, he pushed himself up and put the pizza in the oven along with the breadsticks Jane requested.

Jane sat on the edge of the tub, chin in her hands as a short knock on the bathroom door pulled her out of her stupor.

"Hey, everything okay?" Billy's voice was caring and he sounded desperate to help her. Jane stayed silent. "Come out when you're ready, I found the original Star Wars."

Jane pushed herself up and walked to the door, opening it. "Who told you Star Wars was the way to my heart? That's classified information." Her voice was teasing.

She followed him to the living room.

"Uh, Trevor texted and called you. Lots of nasty things. I know that's an invasion of privacy, but... I couldn't help myself."

"I'd do the same, don't worry about it," Jane said. She picked up her phone and scrolled through the hateful messages. "Do you think I should respond?"

Billy shook his head, reaching over and gently pulling her phone out of her hands.

"Nah, you should shut it off and watch this movie with me," He smiled, sticking Star Wars: The Emperor Strikes back into his DVD player. He walked behind the couch to close the curtains on the setting sun, the room darkened in an aesthetically pleasing way as the credits rolled on Jane's favorite film. He sat next to her on the couch, setting her phone down on the coffee table farthest away from her. "Pizza will be done in 15 minutes." Jane nodded, sinking into the couch.

She pulled her legs up to her, flipping them so she was almost laying down, her knees facing Billy. His hand somehow found its way to her leg, it felt comforting and familiar. He inched closer to her so that she could rest her head on his shoulder. She sighed contently.

"This is nice," She muttered during a quiet scene. "We should have

movie nights."

Billy chuckled. "I don't have many movies."

"Well, Netflix nights, then." She looked up, resting her chin on his shoulder.

"Alright, Netflix nights," He looked over and grinned.

The timer for the pizza went off and she shamelessly watched Billy walk to the kitchen. She noticed his ass was perky, perfectly round, it was obvious that he worked out frequently. He was an attractive man, charming with a lot of baggage, just the way Jane liked them.

"Pizza's ready," He had grabbed her two slices and handed her the plate.

"Do I look like a girl who only eats two slices of pizza?" She joked, reaching over to grab a third. "I didn't get this fat ass by watching what I eat." She added before turning to the living room and sitting at the table in the corner.

"Your ass isn't that fat," Billy followed her, sitting across from her, the movie paused. "I mean, it's nice and all, don't get me wrong. But I've seen fatter asses."

"Hm, maybe I should go grab a fourth," She laughed, taking a bite. He laughed with her. "Tell me about your sister." She inquired before realizing her mistake again.

"Step." She added, correcting herself just as he was about to.

"Max is a wild child. Could get away with anything when we moved. Dad wouldn't lay a finger on his stepchild, saved it all for me." He started. "She's a good kid, ultimately. She was sad when we had to move, but she got a bunch of good friends who ended up helping her through it. Weird kids, but they were alright."

Jane laughed. ""Weird kids" sounds like me in high school."

Billy smiled. "Were you the weird kid? I wouldn't have guessed."

"Nah, I was mostly the outcast. I didn't have a place really. I liked a different scene than most, until I met Liv and Tess. They were a lot cooler than I was, that's how I got invited to all the cool kid parties." Jane finished her first slice. "I already knew you were the bad boy in high school. You totally have the vibe. Kicking ass, taking names, probably making all the girls cream their panties."

Billy shook his head. "Ah, you don't even know, princess. I had a reputation I had to maintain in high school."

Jane felt a rush as he coined a nickname for her.

"Most of the girls at the high school I graduated from were easy. It was when I moved back here I started having problems. Not everyone responds well to blue Camaro's and shitty pickup lines in Cali."

Jane nodded. "So you don't have a girl out here?"

Billy shook his head. "Nah, I try and keep away from long-term relationships. It's not my thing. I'll have a one night stand every now and then, but no girl I've ever been with has seen my apartment or where I live. Hardly any of them know my last name.

Jane felt filled with pride, knowing she had been one of the first women to see Billy's apartment.

"What's your signature move?" Jane asked, leaning back in her seat and meeting his eyes.

"Do you wanna see it?" Billy laughed. Jane nodded. Suddenly, he had a different flirtatious aura about him. He leaned an elbow on the table, bit his lip and looked into Jane's eyes. His tongue slipped out and licked his lower lip. "I thought maybe I recognized you, but I'm glad I stopped anyway. The name's Billy."

Jane leaned her head back and groaned. "Oh, you almost had me!" She started laughing. "It's good, it needs work, but it's good. The tongue thing and the smile, it's all very... James Dean."

"Well, I wouldn't actually say that to you!" He defended himself laughing along with her.

"Come on, Billy. Hit on me like you're actually trying to hit on me!" Jane laughed one last time before willing herself to have a straight face. She smiled, leaning onto the table and laying her chin in her palm.

Billy's face fell again, he shoved his plate aside. The table was small enough for them to be inches apart as they both leaned in. "I don't think you realize how absolutely stunning you are, Jane." His voice was raspy, his eyes met hers before raking down the front of her. "A beautiful girl with a good taste in music, movies, food... And I'm lucky enough to have you stay with me. I didn't think it could get better than watching you from the front of the classroom..." He trailed, his eyes dragging back up to meet hers. She was blushing and found herself leaning in further.

"Alright, that was better."

"I'm not done," Billy's voice was low. "See, here's the thing about flirting, Jane," He said her name with conviction as if he was saying a prayer. "You have to let it hang in the air for a moment, let it come to a boil around the person you're trying to impress. The way I like to do this is just to look at them. The way your mouth just twitched slightly, your eyes keep darting down to my neck, and your thumbs keep twidling under your chin. This is usually when I'd lean in and kiss you, but I won't do that just yet. You're a bit harder than the other girls I flirt with. I have to be attentive, watch how they react because they're almost always hiding something, but with you, it all comes out naturally. See-" He stopped, pulling his hand from under his chin to point as Jane froze, her hand in the middle of tucking her hair behind her ear. "That. Your instinct is to show me more of you, that shows me you're into it, you want to hear more."

Jane was listening intently, she folded her hands in front of her. "Continue."

"See what's harder about you than with other girls is that you have this way... This mystery about you that's covering it all up. You react instinctively, but you don't have a motive. I saw you bite your lip when I called you beautiful, but I can't tell if it's because you don't believe it or if it's because you want another compliment. If I had to guess, you don't believe it. When I told you it couldn't get better than

watching you from the front of the classroom, your eyes were glued to my lips. But if I would have risked it all and kissed you afterward, there's a chance you could have been focused on what I was telling you and not what I was implying. And now, right now, your hands are trying to find something to do to distract you, is it because you're uncomfortable? Or is it because you wouldn't know what to do if I kissed you right now?" He stopped, letting that notion hang around them for a moment, he leaned in. "Do you want me to continue, Jane?"

Jane cleared her throat, she was afraid if she spoke her voice would be shaky, she couldn't meet his eyes. "Holy shit." She leaned in, covering her forehead slightly.

"Well, now that you've got me started, there would be no point in me ending it here," He smirked and reached down, pushing her plate to the side of the table. "Now would be about the time I would lean in real close-" As he spoke, he pushed forward. "You aren't shying away, which is a good sign. And the way you reacted to my question implies you're conflicted by this scenario. But I'm not conflicted, Jane. And you wanted me to show you, so I'm going to show you." He reached up, gently grabbing her chin and pulling her in slightly. "See, the human touch is everything. The moment I touched your skin you stopped breathing, almost like you're anticipating what's coming next. Not many women do that with me, when I get this far they're usually begging for me to just make that distance, so much so that they push themselves in and close it up themselves. This effectively forces them to make the first move, which fuels my ego quite a bit. But you, Jane, you aren't shying away, but you aren't closing that distance. You're playing hard to get. Your eyes are telling me you want this, but you can't make yourself come get it..." He paused, his lower lip was nearly touching hers. "That's okay, Jane. I'll give it to you, just tell me if you don't want it, but if you do, I'll give it to you." She held her breath, unable to make a sound as his lips gently brushed hers. Not kissing her just yet. She shivered slightly, her hands moving forward. "That's all I need to know you want it. The way your hand just tugged at the fabric covering my arm. I'm going to kiss you, Jane." With that, he pressed his lips to hers carefully, attempting to avoid the bruise surrounding the left side of her mouth and the cut on her bottom lip. Throwing caution to the wind, she

reached up and pushed forward, grabbing Billy by the collar of his shirt and deepening the kiss.

He groaned, pushing away from the table without breaking the kiss and pulling her up as well. She pressed into him as he backed her against the brick wall, their tongues battled for dominance, his ultimately winning which didn't surprise either of them. His hands roamed gently to her hips before they broke the intense kiss at the same time.

"How was that?" Billy asked, his eyes looked sheepish as he grinned, taking in her disheveled expression.

Jane took a moment to catch her breath. "I mean, it was definitely... Wow." He laughed.

"Still could use some work." She added, coming back to her senses and smiling. He bit his lip.

"I mean... That's only the first part, Jane." He was grinning now, his hands still resting on Jane's hips. "There's a plethora of things that could happen next."

Jane's breath hitched slightly and she leaned her head back against the wall. "Billy, is this wrong of me?"

Suddenly, his hands dropped. "What do you mean? It's not wrong at all, Jane. You're not wrong."

"Is it wrong that I just want you to pin me against this wall and show me how I should be treated?" She closed her eyes and leaned her head back.

He was stepped closer, pressing against her once more. "I can show you," He muttered as he dragged his bottom lip down the side of her neck.

"Billy," She whined. "I can't. I want to so bad. But I can't."

With that, he stepped away with a short look of disappointment. She whined, already missing the heat from him.

"It's okay, Jane. I get it, don't apologize, don't feel bad. It's okay." Billy smiled gently. "I just need to, uh, take a shower."

Jane ran a hand down her forehead, feeling ashamed. "Yeah, I'll probably have to take one after you're finished."

With that Billy walked down the hallway and into the bathroom, leaving the door cracked.

Jane heard the shower start, the walls of his apartment were thin, and she could hear almost every droplet hitting the floor of his tub. Jane heard the water splashing as he stepped into the shower, she crept to the hallway to listen closer, she noticed he had left the door partially opened and felt perverted as she stepped closer, pushing it open a little more to hear his muffled quiet groans. She bit her lip, fighting the urge to step into the bathroom and join him. She sighed, heavily, as she did so, a low moan came again. He had to have known she was there.

She leaned against the wall next to the door, hearing the borderline pornographic noises coming from within the shower. Her breath hitched as he got bolder, she could hear his strokes getting quicker, then slowing down again. She slipped her hand into the sweatpants he had let her borrow, listening to him pleasure himself.

Billy felt the heat radiating off of him, he saw the door move and knew Jane was outside listening to him. He thought to himself that he'd better give her a show if she wanted to hear him. He ran his hand up his shaft, gripping himself and stroking perfectly, he squeezed slightly as he got to the tip, and released as he stroked downward. The noises were wet, and the fact that she could hear them turned him on more.

She ran a finger through her warmth, gathering the wetness that had pooled in her entrance and tracing it up to her clit. She heard him let out a moan and whined as she imagined his hand doing this to her. She let go of her inhibitions, letting out a moan of her own.

He listened to her, quite obviously touching herself from behind the door, and grunted her name. Billy wanted her to know that she was who he was thinking of and that he knew she was out there listening

to him. She heard her own name and keened a little too loudly back to him, her fingers rubbing circles around her clit.

He grunted as he continued stroking himself, picturing her writhing outside the door.

"Jane, I know you're out there." He heard her respond with a whine that nearly pushed him over the edge. "Are you touching yourself for me?"

He knew he was overstepping his boundaries, but he wanted to hear her say it. This somehow felt dirtier than sex, than making out, than anything else, but he was too horny to care.

His voice was raspy and sent shivers down Jane's spine, she nearly swung the door open and came in there to take hold of him herself, but she ignored her instinct.

"I am." She responded breathlessly, he moaned in response, she wanted to see the way his face looked. "You are too?" The question had an obvious answer, but so did his, and she wanted to hear him say it.

"I am." He repeated her answer. His voice was low and he nearly cut himself off by cumming. "Will you cum for me? I want to hear you." He asked pleadingly, nearly falling to his knees thinking of it.

Her fingers quickened, she heard him say the words and nearly reached her climax just from that. "Tell me again." Her hand was moving furiously against her slippery clit, she moaned.

"Come for me, Jane. Come with me." With that, she tumbled over the edge, hearing his hand quicken with the water splashing violently around the tub, he came too. Both of them breathless and shaking, Jane sliding down the wall to sit outside the doorway, Billy leaning with his hand propping him up in the shower, watching his mess wash down the drain.

Jane came to her senses quickly, pushing herself up from the floor and shamefully walking to Billy's guest bedroom. She closed and locked the door, picking another record from Max's collection and

putting it in the player. This time, Collie Man by Slightly Stoopid filled the bedroom as she sat thinking about the consequences of what she'd just chosen to do with a TA who wanted to help her in her time of need. She pulled her knees to her chest and wondered if this choice she'd made was going to benefit her.

**Notes for the Chapter:**

> This was such a long fucking chapter and took me HOURS!!!! To write! I hope you guys enjoyed the slight smut? I mean, it was pretty smutty, but in a good way.